

Return Postage Guaranteed



The  
**APA**  
BUNDLE for JULY 1968

Mailed by

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Robert Chapdu

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507 Westlawn Avenue

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Champaign Illinois 61820

Ronald A. Ruble  
7614 Sutherland  
St. Louis, Mo. 63116

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RUBLE, Ronald A.

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7614 Sutherland St. Louis, Mo. 63119  
Area Code: 314, Telephone 647-4186

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## RONART PRESS, LTD.

*WITH only a few fonts of Caslon types (and a couple of exotic species) the proprietor operates a prematurely gray Kelsey five by eight press. He is interested in typographic design and letterpress techniques. If you share his interests, you are invited to correspond with him.*



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A Member of: Amalgamated Printers' Association  
National Amateur Press Association

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## Ronart Press, Ltd. Announces Move

*July 1. RNS (Ruble News Service).*

RONART PRESS, LTD., personal press of Ronald A. Ruble, today indicated that, as of July 20 this year, it will move to newer, larger quarters. □

The press' present location, the bedroom of its owner's four-room apartment, has proved to be somewhat trying to both its owner and his wife.

□ Additional reasons cited for the move include the fact that its owner has been elected as Corresponding Secretary for a local professional organization, and most recently he has been informed of his election to the post of Secretary-Treasurer of the Amalgamated Printers' Association.

□ Although he could undoubtedly serve well in those offices irrespective of the location of his residence, a move from a small apartment to a seven-room home can't help but increase his already fantastic level of efficiency! □ Members of the Amalgamated Printers' Association and interested friends may write (after July 20) to its proprietor at the new address:

RONALD A. RUBLE






7614 SUTHERLAND

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI 63119







ONLY THE FINEST  
OF POTABLES  
WERE SERVED AT THE  
WORLEY     
CHURCHMAN  

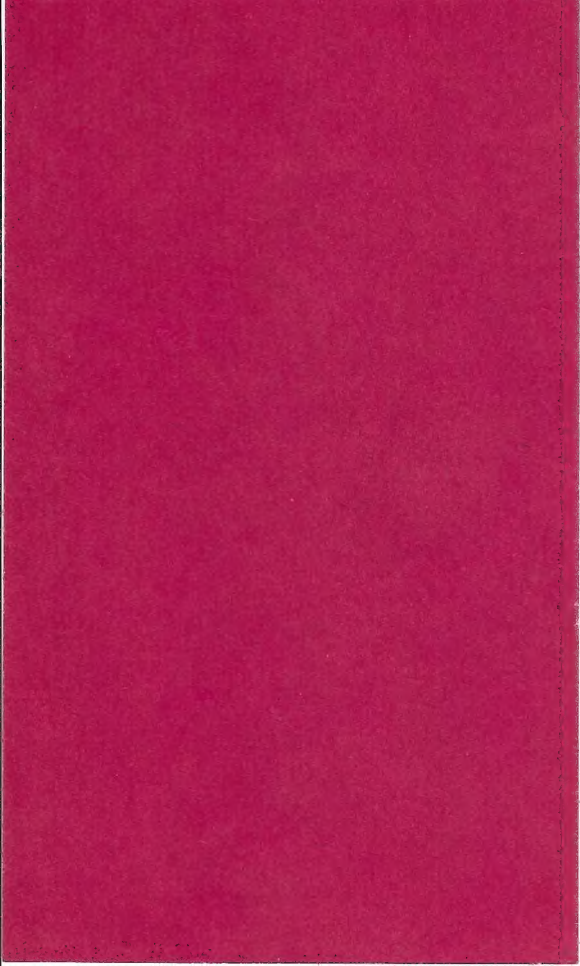
*Pre-Wayzgoose*

HAPPY  HOUR

Friday. p.m. JUNE 21ST AT THE  
ADMIRAL OASIS MOTEL



*Cuddington, Printer*





# Wayzgoose '68

was a Colossal Success

*We had 25 members present, including 2 that signed up at the Wayzgoose. And it was the most harmonious yet. Les. Feller is much to be commended, as he carried the Load in the planning & arrangements, with assistance from Schori, Kowal and Smolin. We had a very good Buffet Banquet, and enjoyed a fine talk by Mr. Tribolet of Lakeside Press, where he is in charge of restoration and re-binding of priceless old books and manuscripts.*

*Al Frank, the Entrepreneur of used Printing Equipment and the small printers best friend was to have been an honorary guest, but alas, he was ill with the flu.*

*On the back of this sheet is a showing of desirable cuts chosen from the gems offered by Churchman & Worley.*



*Top 2 lines show type that is for sale, 48pt A T F Repro Script (new condition) \$16 postpaid, and have 24 & 36 ATF Waldorf Text, used, still good, both \$12 postpaid.*





# SUPPLEMENT

to Wayzgoose '68 Keepsake

*A pre-convention report that missed the boat, but made it in a galley*

CHICAGO DISPLAYED great enthusiasm for this 1968 national APA convention in the weeks preceeding the event.

There was uncontained celebration in the city shortly after announcement of the date. Certain citizens, unable to obtain proper fireworks, burned a portion of the city to show their excited anticipation.

It's not often Chicago can be host to the last exponents of hand-set hot-type ink slinging, and there hasn't been such warmth of expression since Mrs O'Leary's cow kicked a flaming field goal.

The announcement was followed by a spontaneous demonstration of welcome. Because of poor proofreading, the signs read "civil rights" instead of "hail printers". Police were dismayed by the error, according to informed sources, and they escorted a few careless proofreaders to a nearby instruction center. There a number of public spirited lawyers gave a free course in speed reading. The instruction was well received, and more citizens have indicated interest in forthcoming entrance exams tentatively scheduled to coincide with the Democratic nominating convention. It is expected there will be wildcat warmup sessions in the interim.



# Amalgamated Printers Association

HOBBY PRINTERS INTERNATIONAL



**This is to Certify:**

That as a member of this Association I will carry  
out its aims and purposes by contributing printed  
pieces produced to the best of my ability both in  
Composition *and* Presswork.

.....  
*Print or Sign your Name*

As your Membership Card is your only Identification,  
here is a friendly suggestion.  
This Certificate can be framed and displayed  
in your printshop.

© 248



Jones, Dan S.

## Pygmy Press

1114 Maple Lane

Chicago, Illinois 60611

This is a small press located in Chicago, Illinois. It is a  
publishing house and is owned and operated by Dan S. Jones. It  
was founded in 1964. It has published a number of books and  
has a list of titles. The press is located in Chicago, Illinois.





LYON, ELMER K.

PROP.

GLOBE

PRINTING

SERVICE

Phone 794-2973  
55½ Main Street — P.O. Box 218  
Lincoln, Maine 04457

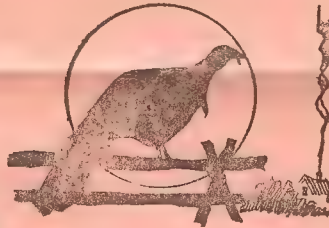
APA 45



# CUTBANK PROOF SHEET

## ISSUE NO. 51

Cuts by courtesy of  
Allan Readdy



*All present and past cuts are available.* Cuts come to you in the form of a rubber die, together with instructions for mounting and printing. For obvious reasons the price has been slightly increased, fixed now at 15 cents for the first sq. inch and 5 cents for each additional sq. Cuts are intended for hobby publishers and amateur printers, and not for commercial purposes. A complete proof file of all past issues of CUTBANK will be sent at a cost of \$2. BERNARD SCHUMACHER, 9725 Lake Ave., Cleveland, O





THE  
JOURNAL  
OF  
THE  
ROYAL  
ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

VOL. 100  
PART 1  
1970

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The Journal is also available on microfilm and microfiche.  
Copyright © 1970 by the Royal Anthropological Institute.

## FOR SALE

A delicious font of ATF 10 Pt. Americana. This consists of a complete job font plus one additional l.c. font. Most characters have never been inked. It was used only on Sunday right after Church.

New cost was \$22.05. It's in your case for \$16.50 plus postage on seven pounds.

Proof will be mailed on request.

John E. Sullivan 7915 Oak River Forest, Ill.





# FLASCHE FOOD FACTORY

. PEACHES .

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1615 Northview Ave. Rocky River, 16 Ohio

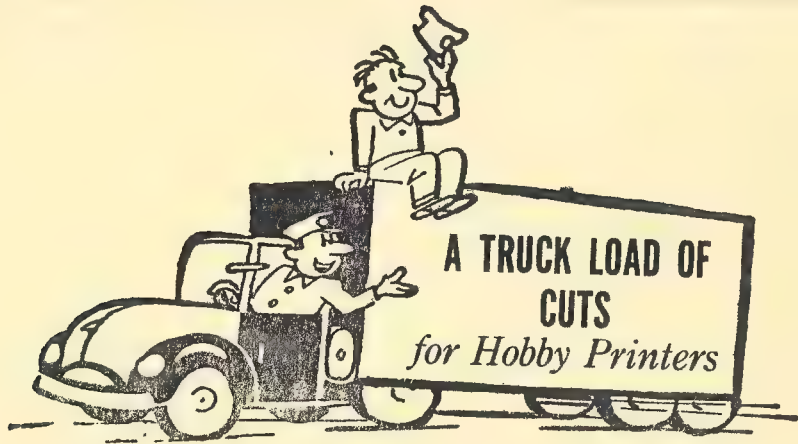
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*How can a hobby printer justify his craft if he neglects to glorify the skill of his wife's cookery?*

Set an example for other lazy printers and produce something to earn a nod from your frau.

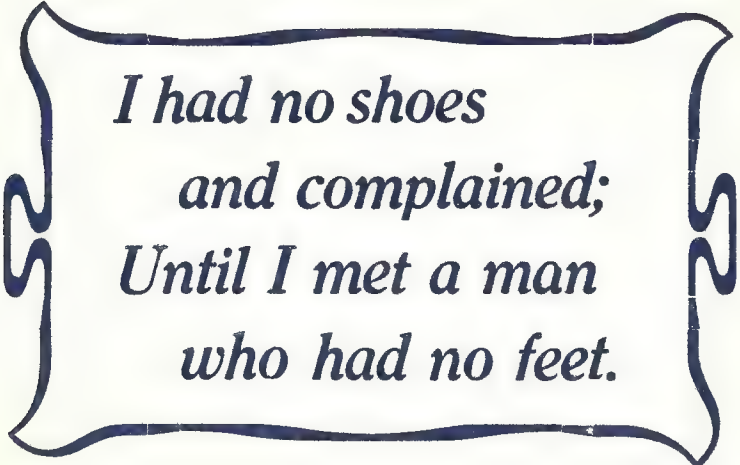






A Service operated by No. 147





*I had no shoes  
and complained;  
Until I met a man  
who had no feet.*

---

Recent weeks have found us involved almost every night in pawing over a generous lode of printing items obtained in our purchase of a country print shop near here. Among many dozens of boxes of surprises, we spotted the weird do-it-yourself border used overleaf. Eight corner pieces are marked "Cincinnati." Does anyone care to suggest its birthdate?

Frederick Gage, 1394 Minot Ave., Auburn. Me.

---

**THE SENTENCE ON THE OTHER  
SIDE OF THIS CARD IS TRUE.**



THE SENTENCE ON THE OTHER  
SIDE OF THIS CARD IS FALSE.

O. Z. Burdick, No. 250.

# ERIC

A print is properly  
a dent made by pr  
essing; the history  
of letter press print  
ing has been the hist  
ory of the abolition  
of that dent 3/4 *An*  
*Essay in Typography*

# GILL

EGDON H MARGO

205



Recent Acquisitions  
by The Woodside Press:  
24 pt. Hearst  
**36 pt.**  
**John**  
**H'ncock**

JIM GRISENTI, PROP. • DENVER, COLORADO TERRITORY.

---



# Variations of the Golden Rule

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members  
of society as themselves. —Roman

Do as you would be done by —Persian

Do not that to a neighbor which you would take ill from him.  
—Grecian

What you would not wish done to yourself, do not do unto others.  
—Chinese

One should seek for others the happiness one desires in one's self.  
—Buddhist

He sought for others the good he desired for himself. Let him pass on.  
—Egyptian

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye  
even unto them. —Bible

Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike  
to be treated. —Mohammedan

The true rule of life is to guard and do by the things of others as  
they do by their own. —Hindu



Lewis Hoffman NO.

246









What is so rare as a day in July  
when 2 nut printers can get toge-  
ther and discuss **printing &  
APA & stuff like that.**  
**The Walnut Press** and  
the Ad Lib Press, which brought  
along a few antique additions to  
the former's world-famous Type lice  
collection. **And high time**  
**it is to get the lice &**  
**mice out of the cases!**

## KOLOFON

Composed in the stick and printed on the  
occasion of the visit of the R't Hon. Rob't  
Oldham to the Walnut Press of Bruce &  
Penny Holman, July 7, 1968.



## *The Intruders*

*She strutted up and down my walk,  
And then she had the nerve  
To perch upon my apple tree  
And clutter it with straw!*

*"How dare she sit," thought I, "upon  
My blossoming apple tree?"  
And then' my heart was filled with joy  
As she sang a song to me.*

*"Oh, well," said I, "I'll let her stay  
A day or two or three...  
Then she must take her straw and go  
And leave my apple tree."*

*And then one morning on the branch,  
Oh, such a pretty nest...  
Once cluttered straw, a haven safe,  
With two blue eggs was blessed!*

*They strutted up and down my walk,  
A loving sight to see.*

*"I'm glad," I smiled... "I let them stay,  
The Robin family!"*

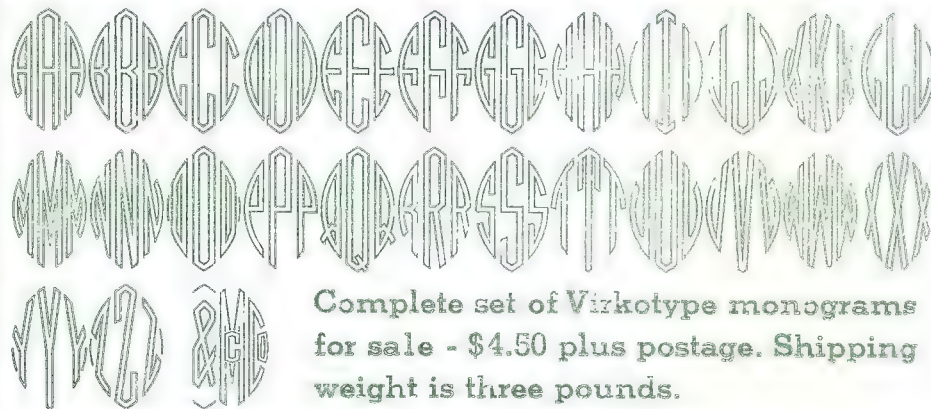


I goofed on my punctuation, but my  
wife says every misplaced comma is a  
love tap for amateur printing. Sorry about that!

Silas E. Tawney The Sil-Mar Press



# **VIRKOTYPE MONOGRAMS**



Complete set of Virkotype monograms  
for sale - \$4.50 plus postage. Shipping  
weight is three pounds.

**J. Edward Jones, APA 331**  
**2114 Myrtle Lane, Decatur, Georgia**



## **=TOLERANCE=**

Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
Where the race of men go by;  
They are good, they are bad, they are weak,  
they are strong,  
Wise, foolish—so am I.  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,  
Or hurl the cynic's ban?  
Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
And be a friend of man.

**=Sam Walter Foss**



Cedar Creek Press

---

John G. Henry

*Waterloo, Iowa*

# Roycroft

# Roycroft

# Roycroft

ROYCROFT was one of the first of many type faces designed by Morris Fuller Benton, whose father Linn Boyd Benton was one of the founders of ATF. It was created around 1898 and the ATF catalog of 1906 offered it in 13 sizes, from 8 to 120 point. The 12, 18 and 24 point fonts, here shown, were acquired in 1914, while I was employed in the Kelly Press Division of the American Type Founders Company.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z æ fi fl sh si fl ft  
a h mn ftu  
A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z & @ \$ Æ Æ R  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 , . - ; : ' ! ? The

All characters are shown in 12 point. Certain of the alternate characters are for use only as final letters: **which slam man cat REALTOR**

This text is set in 12 point ATF Garamond.

Charles Colvin, THE COLVIN PRESS, Point Pleasant Beach, New Jersey 08742





To help round out our Writers Summer Workshop, the Printers Roost Press is seeking to purchase one or more fonts of *AUTHOR'S ITALIC* in any size. This particular italic face with auxiliary characters was produced in the late 1920 years by the B B & S type foundry.

Casting was limited to display sizes from 14 to 36 point.



## *PAX*

*A Scout is Friendly,  
He is a friend to all  
And a brother to every other Scout.*

Harchar-335



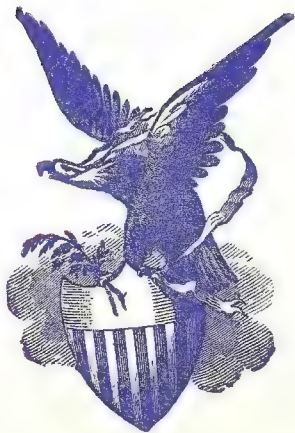


AMERICA  America



VOTE!

¶ It doesn't matter which party you belong to, just vote for the candidate of your choice. Help keep America strong and free by voting.



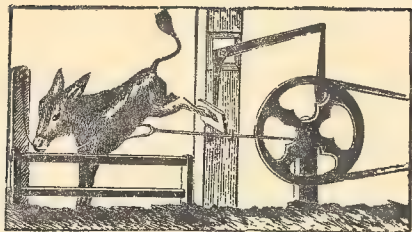


**Waltzing Indian Press**

**Maurice Prather APA-339**

**508 West 101st Terrace**

**Kansas City, Missouri 64114**



In the event of an electrical failure, The Yellow Kid Press is prepared to switch to stand-by power.





# OFFICIAL'S CARD

Team \_\_\_\_\_

Name

Pos.

No.

Captain

Captain

Captain

Toss

Won (    )

Lost (    )

Choice

(    )

(    )

N E S W

1st Half

Kick

Receive

Goal

Choice

(    )

(    )

N E S W

2nd Half

Kick

Receive

Goal

Times  
Out

1st Half

2nd Half

Touchdown

Field Goal

Try for Point

Safety



*Fairfield School for Boys*  
*Recognition Banquet*

HONORING

*Edward R. Jenkins*

Thursday, 11 July 1968  
Tiki Lanes

---

*Social Hour -- 6:00 P.M.*

*Dinner Hour -- 7:00 P.M.*

Price \$3.00



## COLOPHONE:



**"MAHDEEN"**

**Press:** 12x18 C. & P. hand-fed

**Paper:** 3-ply white Index Bristol.

160 copies for APA members. Down  
with new Gun Registration Laws!

**N. R. A. MEMBER**



And I don't give a tinker's damn  
who knows it. Enforce laws we have.



No. 227

*Mahdeen Press*

708 N. Mt. Pleasant Ave.  
LANCASTER, OHIO 43130



# The Joy Of Printing

By MARK TWAIN (Samuel Clemens)

What was it like to be a printer in the 1850's? Here is the story of a boyhood apprenticeship as Mark Twain recalled it.

## An Experiment.....

*I hope you will like it! At least the subject matter should appeal to you. No Viet Mann, or, politics. I know - I know - I misspelled Viet Nam and just misspelled "misspelled". So what - if you want to argue, at least you can argue about my spelling on the caliber of my work.*

*Al Abramson*

*Mark Twain, even at the height of his success as a writer, always maintained his close association with the printing industry. The following is the text of a talk he gave before a meeting of the Typothetae, the predecessor organization of Printing Industries of America.*

I am something of an antiquity. All things change in the procession of years, and it may be that I am among strangers. It may be that the printer of today is not the printer of thirty-five years ago.

I was no stranger to him. I knew him well. I built his fire for him in the winter mornings; I brought his water from the village pump; I swept up his office; I picked up his type from under his stand, and when he was there to see I put the good type in his case and the broken ones among the hell matter, and if he wasn't there to see, I dumped it all among the pi on the imposing stone—for that was the furtive fashion of the cub, and I was a cub.

I wetted down the paper Saturdays; I turned it Sundays—for this was a country weekly; I rolled; I washed the rollers; I washed the forms; I folded the papers; I carried them round at dawn Thursday mornings. I enveloped the papers that were for the mail—we had a hundred town subscribers and three hundred and fifty country ones; the town subscribers paid in groceries and the country ones in cabbages and cordwood — when they paid at all, which was merely sometimes, and then we always stated the fact in the paper and gave them a puff; and if we forgot it they stopped the paper.

Every man on the town list helped edit the thing—that is, he gave orders as to how it was to be edited, dictated its opinions, marked out its course for it, and every time the boss failed to connect, he stopped his paper. We were just infested with critics, and we tried to satisfy them all over.

We had one subscriber who paid cash, and he was more trouble to us than all the rest. He bought us, once a year, body and soul, for \$2. He used to modify our politics every which way, and he made us change our religion four times in five years. If we ever tried to reason with him, he would threaten to stop his paper, and, of course, that meant bankruptcy and destruction.

That man used to write articles a column and a half long, leaded long primer, and sign them 'Junius,' or 'Veritas,' or 'Vox Populi,' or some other high-sounding rot; and then, after it was set up, he would come in and say he had changed his mind—which was a gilded figure of speech, because he hadn't any—and order it to be left out.

We couldn't stand such a waste as that; we couldn't afford 'bogus' in that office; so we always took the leads out, altered the signature, credited the article to the rival paper in the next village, and put it in.

Well, we did have one or two kinds of 'bogus.' Whenever there was a circus, or a barbecue, or a baptizing, we always knocked off for a half day; and then to make up for short matter would "turn over ads"—turn over the whole page and duplicate it.

The other 'bogus' was deeply philosophical, medical or religious stuff, which we judged nobody ever read; so we kept a galley of it standing, and kept on slapping the same old batches of it in, every now and then, till it got dangerous.

Also, in the early days of the telegraph, we used to economize on the news. We picked out the items that were pointless and barren of information and stood them on a galley, and changed the dates and localities and used them over again, till the public interest was worn to the bone.

We marked the ads, but we seldom paid any attention to the marks afterward; so the life of a 'td' ad and a 'tf' ad were equally eternal. I have seen the 'td' notice of a sheriff's sale still booming serenely along two years after the sale was over, the sheriff dead and the whole circumstance become ancient history. Nearly all of the yearly ads were patent-medicine stereotypes, and we used to fence with them.

Life was easy with us; if we pried a form, we suspended till next week, and we suspended every now and then when fishing was good, and explained it by the illness of the editor—a paltry excuse, because that kind of a paper was just as well off with a sick editor as a well one, and better off with a dead one than either of them.

He was full of blessed egotism and placid self-importance, but he didn't know as much as a three-em quad. He never set any type except in the rush of the last day, and then he would smouch all the poetry, and leave the rest to 'jeff' for solid takes. He wrote with impressive flatulence

and soaring confidence upon the vastest subjects; but puffing alms, gifts of wedding-cake, salty ice-cream, abnormal watermelons and sweet-potatoes the size of your leg, was his best hold. He was always a poet—a kind of poet of the carrier's-address breed—and whenever his great intellect suppurated, and he read the result to the printers and asked for their opinion, they were very frank and straightforward about it. They generally scraped their rules on the boxes all the time he was reading, and called it hogwash when he got thru.

All this was over thirty-five years ago, when the man who could set 700 ems an hour could put on as many airs as he wanted to; and if these New York men who recently on a wager set 2000 an hour solid minion four hours on a stretch had appeared in that old office, they would have been received as accomplishers of the supremely impossible, and drenched with hospitality beer till the brewery was bankrupt.

I can see that printing-office of prehistoric times yet, with its horse bills on the walls; its 'd' boxes clogged with tallow, because we always stood the candle in the 'k' box at night; its towel, which was not considered soiled until it could stand alone, and other signs and symbols that marked the establishment of that kind in the Mississippi valley. I can see also the tramping journeyman, who flitted up in the summer and tarried a day, with his wallet stuffed with one shirt and a hatful of handbills; for if he couldn't get any type to set, he would do a temperance lecture. His way of life was

simple, his needs not complex; all he wanted was plate and bed and money enough to get drunk on and he was satisfied.

But it may be, as I have said, that I am among strangers, and sing the glories of a forgotten age to unfamiliar ears, so I will make even and stop. ¶





# chirps

*Published as a hobby  
for distribution to the  
AMALGAMATED PRINTERS ASSOCIATION  
as a feeble gesture of appreciation  
for the interesting and finely printed pieces  
you have sent our way.*

A  
21 QUAD  
SALUTE

for the  
suggestion of the year

*"Toss out the Printers"*



... Ha. . . undoubtedly this suggestion snapped a few garters in our supposedly all-printer group.

Will consider a swap - a full case of 9 pt. Spartan Book for a sack of yarn and useable knittin' needles. . .



*A gentleman from A.P.A. would like to see the publisher of Chirps.*

Bernard Schumacher, Cut Bank manager, gave us a pleasant surprise with a short visit June 5. Rolling off Route 6, Bernard phoned ahead to advise he expected to arrive in about 40 minutes. This gave us ample time to sweep the dirt under the scrap barrel, soap the slides on the 12 pt. Kennerly case, and dust off the ink plate. His calculations were in slight error, as he had not allowed for the narrow, winding mountainous roads of central Pennsylvania; and arrived two hours later. A travel schedule limited his visit to four short hours which didn't grant much time for discussion of the hypothetical problems of A.P.A. Bernard was interested in the Monotype and this involved a trip down back of the garage. The caster is more of a conversation piece than the type-spitting demon of yesteryear, so it was necessary to wipe the four year accumulation of lint, dust and oil before we could discuss molds, mats and casting in general. As many of you know, Bernard has stacked in his galley nearly two decades of seniority in the Senior Citizens Group, but his teen-age agility kept me hopping as we wandered around the catacomb of the basement printery. His deep interest in printing, and APA, plus his youthful enthusiasm is sufficient incentive to arouse even a confirmed "never-sweat" into activity. Come again Bernard, tomorrow will be fine! (pshaw-no intrabang)



# MONO TYPE CASTER FOR SALE



It's quite apparent someone in Washington has tampered with the nation's time-piece. Hobby Printers everywhere complain of lack of time to pursue their pleasures. Lack of any foreseeable time in the near future has prompted our decision to sell the Monotype Sorts Caster to someone who might not be confronted with this time barrier and could make the machine useful again.

The unit is more or less a complete foundry and has individual molds; 6 pt. thru 36 pt. for type, spaces, quads, and piece border.

Two strip molds for casting 2pt. leads, rule, and 6 pt. for slugs and rule, with 10 or 12 rule mats increase the utility considerable.

We have both display and cellular matrix holders. 14 pt. to 36 pt. is cast with flat mats and we have 30 to 50 fonts of these.

Lanston Monotype has a Font Rental Service whereby for a trifling sum—\$6.00 per day—you can have a wide selection of type without the expense of owning the matrices. New matrices cost \$3.85 each and the average font will contain from 60 to 70 mats depending on ligatures, alternate characters etc., making the total cost nearly \$270 per font. More than 300 faces or styles in assorted point sizes are available.

Type 6 pt. thru 12 pt. is cast with cellular matrices and these are not available as rentals, but must

be purchased. We've scouted the used market and have approximately 20 fonts of cellular mats. The most desirable, hobby-wise is 8-10-12 pt. Kennerly with the companion italic in 10-12 pt. sizes. The motor is 110 volt, single phase, but have a three-phase motor if you can use it. The pot is fitted for bottled gas, but is easily

converted to natural gas by drilling the orifices. The caster has not been operated the past four years and is old but in useable condition. I feel it is a bargain at \$650 and have invested nearly four times this amount in mats molds, etc. If you are interested, the ideal situation would be to rent a U-Haul trailer or a truck and tote it yourself to avoid the expensive crating and shipping charges. Well now— If you have had a desire to be a Frivolous Quad Maker — would like to be accused of using old battery lead— and casting hollow type to save lead— this might be your opportunity. Oh, yes— all molds are vented, this allows air to escape from mold cavity and produces a more solid type.

The fascination is as great as ever—of listening to the 'clickety-clack-plop' and then watch as a shiny new leaden soldier appears in the type channel; where it begins its march to the cadence of the type-pusher. A vast army is soon created as the Monotype is a productive machine. Looking back, it hardly seems possible that I should be selling a Monotype. I can remember pouring over the literature until it fell apart at the folds—even my fondest dreams didn't include a caster for me—but times change.

When the caster first arrived, the trucker set it off in front of the garage. You might guess, I was pretty impatient and with the aid of two neighbors, we connected the gas, water, and electric and operated in the drive-way—maybe the first out-door—drive-in type foundry in the state. We ate about 9:30 that evening—I wasn't really hungry, but it was dark outside.

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It's well known that Hobby Printing is not a contributing factor to economic stability— If we can interest a few more to take APA politics seriously, perhaps we can disband and save someone a trip to the Poor-house.

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# *Vanishing Breed!*



The Linotype and its operator are rapidly disappearing from the scene and in another few years will probably become legendary.

The demise has been credited to the new sophisticated, faster, cleaner way to set type—(cold type). --but the downward trend actually started years ago when the company removed the beer hook from the machine.

Pictured above the third generation gingerly picks out a few choice lines of pi. Apparently we start them too young, as by the time they attain sufficient age to be a dependable asset, Printing has become 'Ole Hat' and they dash off to new challenges. It was a fond but fruitless hope that some of our lust for printing might rub off.

# Hi Fellas...



I'm Granny Apa and I brung my shovel to help pitch out them printers. Looking back, if you can recollect, who stirs up the trouble? Who is the cause of all our problems? Who is responsible for all the misunderstandings, turmoil, and conflicts? Who makes the mail man say "sorry 'bout that" as he hands us the bundle; busted out on three sides, the result of thoughtless bundle stuffing? Why of course, it's the PRINTER. . . So if'n we want a quiet, peaceful, and harmonious 1968; our only salvation is— **"TOSS OUT THE PRINTERS."**

This exercise has been inserted for the member who might lack time for a Bundle contribution, but desires to keep in practice. After carefully marking the typos, pull a proof by placing page in front of a mirror.

Chairman.

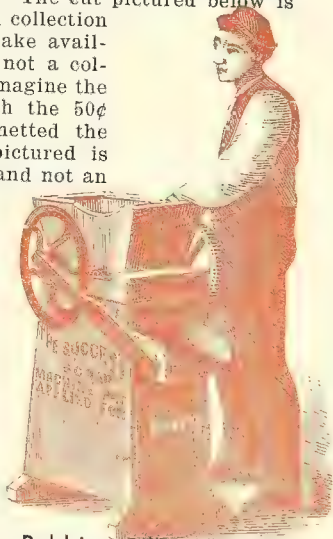
in the good graces of the Activity  
winds, swam the Wailer and get  
this face you can use your trim-  
tills a badge in nothing flat. With  
blain last poppiest. It sets fast  
for the short-winded, tired or just  
... now here is a gangly rogal tlybe

## OLD CUTS. . .

The outer sheet was intended for the December Mailing, but when the 21<sup>st</sup> of Month slipped by the innards hadn't been completed; we settled back in the rocker. The cut pictured below is one of a two-bushel collection we had hoped to make available to APA. I'm not a collector myself, but imagine the cuts are well worth the 50¢ to a dollar they netted the owner. The cut pictured is engraved on wood and not an etching.

These cuts were discovered by a silk-screener printer who had leased an old time print shop in which to conduct his business. Old type was sold as scrap at 12¢ a pound.

Even I could afford this style of collecting.



pecked out by a Robbins, Bill— APA 97

# Swappers' Guide

Published by:

Edward Tevis, 104 Central Court, Richmond, Ky. 40475

*Summer*



1968

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## GOOD INK ESSENTIAL

It is essential for a printer to use good ink to get best results. I have found through experience that Rexford Quick Set Black is one of the best all purpose inks. One striking advantage this particular ink has over most all other inks, if not all, is that it can be left on a press over night without cleaning it off. It can even be left on a press for a considerable length of time without drying on the ink plate or rollers. In fact, I cannot state how long it can stay on a press before drying. This ink seems to serve as a protection for the rollers by preventing them from drying out.

A highly important quality of this ink is its tendency to dry rapidly on paper after printing.

Rexford Quick Set Black Ink is sold by:

R. W. Rexford Co., Inc.

Northeast Corner 9th & Spring Garden Sts.

Philadelphia, Pa. 19123

The R. W. Rexford Co. has been makers of inks since the year of 1919.

Before ordering a pound can, write for price list.

# Type For Sale

6-pt. Copperplate Gothic Light 32A \$2.00

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ 1234567890

6-pt. Copperplate Gothic, 23A \$2.00

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ 1234567890

8-Pt Caslon Bold, 10A 25a \$2.00

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz 1234567890

10-pt. Caslon Bold, 13A 26a \$2.00

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ abcdefghijklmnopq 12345678

8-pt. Cloister Bold Italic 21a 65a (4 l. c. s) \$2.35

Swash Characters Included

ABCDEFGHIJKLM ABCDEF abcdefghijklmnopqrst 123456789

12-pt. Cloister Bold Italic, 20A 16a \$4.25

Swash Characters included

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN abcdefghijklmnop 1234567

14-pt. Cloister Bold Italic, 20A 38a, Swash Characters \$4.75

This type is almost new.

ABCDEFGHIJK abcdefghijklmno 123456789

12-pt. Copperplate 2A 1T no J Over 1 lb. .75

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ 1234567890

12-pt. Copperplate 11A \$2.00

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ 1234567

12-pt. San Serif Medium, 33A 60a \$4.75

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN abcdefghijklmn 1234567

14 pt. Stymie Bold 27A 42a \$3.50

ABCDEFGHIJK abcdefghijkl 1234

18-pt. Stymie Bold 21A 31a \$3.50

ABCDEFGH abcdefghij 1234



18-pt. Cloister Bold 12A 23a

\$5.25

ABCDEFGH abcdefghijkl 123456

30-pt. Kennerley Italic 6A 10a

\$9.75

ABCD *abcde* 123

30-Pt. Caslon Liight, 3A 6a (1 Cap W)

\$4.75

ABCD abcde 123

14 and 18-pt. Franklin Gothic Cond. Variants, with order 50¢

**AACCEEEEEKKMMNNRSSWWXXYY**

**AACCEEEFEGKKJMMNNRSWWXXYY**

3 Pair of Hempel Quoins .50

2 Pair of Wickersham Quoins .75

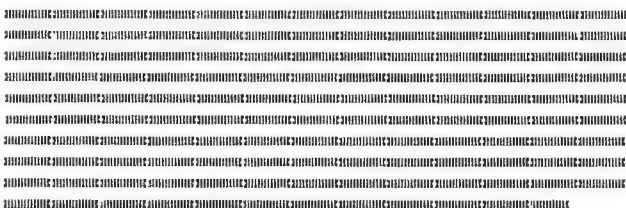
Two-third size cases, some made by hand each \$2.50

Postage extra on cases.

3 V-Pullys for Electric Motor, Sizes 1½ inch, one and three-fourths inches and two inches. \$1.40 each.

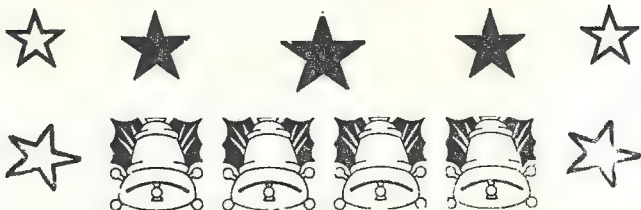
Angular Quads consisting of 34 pieces, originally cost \$3.95; now priced at \$2.00.

Piece Border for 50 cents.

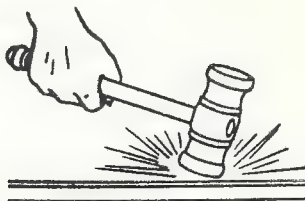




Bells or Stars, 15 cents each with order.



Auction Cut, 75 cents.



Used 18 Pica Leads, 30 cents per lb. or 5 lbs. for \$1.25

Used two-third size Cases, poor condition, \$1.00 Postage to be paid by the buyer regardless of the size of the order.

25 Pieces Wood Furniture, sizes 4 Picas to 12 Picas, 75 cents



Send orders to Edward Tevis, 104 Central Ct. Richmond, Ky.

Postage will be paid on orders amounting to more than \$10. For orders under \$10. please pay postage.



*And  
another  
thing...*

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Summer replacement for The Colon,

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which may or may not write again.

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### Mailer's Report for July, 1968

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Who keeps count? The mailer does. This month's bundle contains 35 pieces from 36 people (26.6 percent of our present membership). Maybe things will look up after the vacation season.

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Revisionism: Now that Saturdays are not available for mailing, the APA bundles will go to the post office on the next "open" day after the 25th of each month; thus August 26, September 26, October 28, etc. Until the Canadian postal strike is over, our northern members may get no bundles at all. Every cloud has a . . .

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Will the new mailer function as censor? Not on your press rag! If the post office will pass it, and you've got the nerve to print it, he'll mail it. Hire your own lawyer. And your own bodyguard. Just don't contribute any piece bigger than 6 x 9 inches finished.

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On string: it's moot whether twine around your parcels is a good thing. It may keep a burst package from disintegrating, but it also provides postal employees with a throwing handle. The choice is yours; you take chances either way. But pack and wrap securely.

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Let it be understood once and for all that the noble Gadfly, otherwise known as Bilious Bob Chapdu, undertook the onerous task of mailer because he expected his wife and children to do 90 per cent of the work. So it is. And if they collapse under the strain, he will then propose a Mailer-of-the-Month system, which, considering the number of people who received votes for the office, may not be a bad idea.

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## Notes from the Land of the Lotus Eaters

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The APA Picnic was a success this year, no matter what your predilections. The buyers, sellers, and traders seemed satisfied with arrangements. For the eaters and drinkers, the fare at the Schori and Feller households, and at the banquet, was first-rate. And as for the potables at the Worley-Churchman Dingus, those who still were able to speak afterward allowed as how they made the happy hour, and indeed the rest of the evening, hilarious. Fettle was fine at Al Frank's on Sunday morning too, where the sight of so many aficionados pawing through the rubble would have warmed the heart of any push-cart peddler. Dave Churchman rendered his usual sterling service: offering us one more chance to buy from his unmatched collection of cuts, wearing down our resistance with his auctioneering, and providing us with aprons emblazoned with Minnesota Mining's logo in dark blue on a powder-blue ground, above the red legend "1968 APA Picnic." See what you missed?

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## Let Forbearance Be Unconfined

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Tolerance Month enjoyed about the same degree of success as have other "event" months in APA. The source of the suggestion (tolerate an interrobang?!)-was among those missing.

At the risk of creating a semantic tangle where none existed, the Gadfly offers the notion that "forbearance" is an apter term for what we manage with **all** the time than is tolerance. Tolerance suggests a sweeter temper in accepting the existence of shoddiness, gullery, and buffoonery than most of us have. Forbearance, on the other hand, suggests **restraint** of the urge to stomp the stuffing out of same. Well . . . let's all stay as sweet as we are.

The Gadfly even forbears the nearly intolerable misspelling of "waygoose" so prevalent among our members lately. Perhaps one of the scholarly will inform him of the authority for the abominable "wayzgoose"?

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## Noises from the Nether Regions

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A few new gut-rumblings have been heard out in this part of the prairie about the lack of participation in the bundles. Another song from the one-stringed harp. But the Gadfly confesses he's not rejoicing over the prospect of making up bundles for those who ignore the basic intent of the bundles blatantly and continue each year to subscribe to the entertainment for \$3, sometimes arguing fallaciously that they serve a special purpose as "audience." (When we all know we look at our own work first!)

It may be that many members prefer correspondence to printing. But then why stay on as members? Well, no doubt the amateur asks too much of the mere hobbyist—that he should produce four pieces a year as the minimum exhibition of his interest. Interest alone should not be enough to warrant membership in an organization the very name of which implies performance.

Afterthought: We could reduce the number of bundles to four a year and require participation in two. Query: would the quality of work improve? (And would quantity per bundle increase?)

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## They Went Thataway

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Jim Meagher asked last month about type cabinet and galley rack sides stamped from sheet steel. An old fellow in Chicago, now deceased, used to have them made to sell for about \$12 and \$8. It's likely they're still available. How about someone in the Chicago area asking around about Lester Beecher's source of supply? He lived on Diversey Boulevard, but the sides were stamped out by some plant or other in northern Illinois. Then make a public service announcement about these handy devices.

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And speaking of items for sale, the Gadfly has some extra spacebands to spare. They're good and square: the so-called thick (regular) size. Steal 'em for \$1 each, or \$15 for the lot of twenty.



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### **Isn't This Your Year to Move Up?**

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Now that we're in the swing of huckstering, here's another item: For the owner of a small Kelsey, a **big Kelsey**. An 11 x 16 Excelsior on a cast base. Weighs about 300 pounds but can be easily dismantled. With one chase, two rollers. In good shape. Come and get it for \$50.

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### **We Need New Membership Cards**

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Here's a ringing call for a really handsome design for our membership cards. No single person has a monopoly on producing them; the secretary-treasurer has done them because there were no volunteers, although occasionally someone offers a certificate. If you're interested, drop a note to the new firebrand president or to Ron Ruble and you'll be appointed a committee of one. Or should we run one of those famous APA contests that nobody enters?

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### **Goodguys' Calendar Report**

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The following sure-fire winners are signed up for the calendar to beat all others: Churchman, Coburn, Granger, Hantke, Lyon, McClure, Metzger, Oland, Rogers, Schori, Serette, and Chapdu. There's room for just one more. So hurry. Otherwise the Gadfly will do two pages and grab the credit.

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### **Lillian vs the Machine**

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Here we are at the Chapdu Tool Shed which houses Bob's Model 8 Linotype. He has promised to let me SEE it run; and even operate it. Since I regard anything with more than two moving parts as dangerous folly, I may never recover from my first encounter with a Linotype. Written and partially set by Lillian Worley, on June 19, 1968. (Parker helped.)

(The Worleys are extra-nice guests.)

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## News and Notes Welcomed

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The present mailer proposes to carry on Bruce Towne's device of passing along news and gossip from members who write. Biographical information and current activities are usually interesting to everyone. Who knows? We may even get a Journal started.

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## Odds and Ends

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Allan Readdy reports that he's looking for a small one-man shop. If you know of anything, write to him. He'll consider letterpress or offset. He may even be considering leaving his home area.

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Ed Jones' son Dan has an attractive card in this month's bundle. Get him a membership, Ed. He's a printer, and we're shy on 'em.

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Dave Serette announces that the renovation of his barn—in New England, that's an attached outhouse—is now completed and two of his three presses installed. As soon as the heat is connected, The Yellow Kid Press will be ready for Maine winters—and summers. Del Jakeman calls the place Al Frank's East, for the collection of paraphernalia Dave has heisted from various country print shops.

So how about the two of them hosting next year's APA Picnic? Elmer Lyon and Fred Gage can help. Mid-August would be the perfect time. There, now. That's settled. Start printing up the program and boiling the water for the lobsters. And notify Bushwack Airlines that we're coming.

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Overheard at Al Frank's: "Don't take any wooden quoins!"

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Overheard in the Gadfly's driveway, where on most days there's more activity than anywhere else in the neighborhood, Commercial Job Printer Friend examining keepsake proof of Fine Book Printer and Binder Friend: "Why'd you set these lines so tight?" Reply: "Because that's the way God intended them to be."

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## Before the Deluge

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What you've feared has come to pass. The Gadfly has indeed acquired a Linotype and can now talk APA to death. For the many thousands who care about such things, it's a Model 8, Serial 32073, with three magazines, four molds, Mohr saw, blower, Margach feeder, electric pot with Microtherm controls, high-speed screws, universal knife block, and other niceties younger than the frame. The keyboard is smooth and the operator can already set a galley of straight-matter an hour—by the touch system. He looks around for a key and touches it.

As a matter of fact, the thing is still somewhat undependable, and the face on the slugs leaves a bit to be desired. A fancy computerized Elektron drove the poor beast from service at a nearby newspaper, but with the help of a high-priced Linotype machinist (\$8 an hour), it will eventually regain the best of condition—probably just in time to pay its owner's fare to the poor house.

Still, it's amusing to see all of those Goldbergian cams and levers labor mightily to bring forth a little gleaming slug. Watch out, Chicago Tribune!

Entirely hand-pecked by the self-appointed but none the less

OFFICIAL GADFLY

507 Westlawn Avenue, Champaign, Illinois 61820





# *The* REDWOOD RAMBLER

Vol. 4

AUGUST 1968

No. 8

We're on our way to...

PORTLAND



to attend the 2nd. Annual  
Western Hobby Printers'  
Get-Together!



## *The REDWOOD RAMBLER*

Edited and Printed by

WALLACE E. MARTIN

2003 N St. Eureka, California, 95501

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### HISTORICAL

*A punch cutter of olden-times took about a year to cut a single font of type.*

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## *Confidential*

I don't wish to worry  
fellow APA members, but  
I must report that animal  
educators have taught a  
*Monkey*  
to run a printing press!

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## **WESTERN HOBBY PRINTERS INVITE YOU TO PORTLAND IN SEPTEMBER!**

With Ben Bullwinkle, Ken Johnson and Ken Burnett as hosts, APA members from all of the Pacific Coast States and from Canada are expected to attend the Second Annual Western Hobby Printers' Get-Together at Portland, Ore., Sept. 1-2.

Those attending this year will have an opportunity to trade, buy and sell type, books and equipment; to see a demonstration of type casting from a hand mould; to operate a rare English Albion Lion hand press and to peruse dozens of old type specimen books.

Other activities include visits to the three APA presses in the area: The Vintage Press, Mollala, and The Twombly Press and Twelve Oaks Press, both located in Portland.

A no-host dinner will close the event.

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# Why Students Revolt

¶ The universities have become corporations for producing, transmitting and marketing knowledge, and in doing so have lost their intellectual and moral identity.

—*Harold Taylor, 1968*

¶ I have been driven to the conclusion that the university [Columbia] is really under the control of a small and active group of trustees who have no standing in the world of education, who are reactionary and visionless in politics, narrow and medieval in religion. Their conduct betrays a profound misconception of the true function of a university in the advancement of learning.

—*Charles A. Beard, 1917*

¶ The final discretion in the affairs of the seat of learning is intrusted to men who have proved their capacity for work that has nothing in common with the higher learning.

—*Thorstein Veblen, 1918*

¶ Suppose I were to tell you that this educational machine has been stolen? That a bandit crew have got hold of it and have set it to work, not for your benefit, nor the benefit of your sons and daughters, but for ends

very far from these? That our six hundred thousand young people are being taught, deliberately and of set purpose, not wisdom but folly, not justice but greed, not freedom but slavery, not love but hate?

— *Upton Sinclair, 1922*

¶ The modern age, the scientific and technological transformations, the acceleration of the rhythm of change in all things (from mathematics to industry) has involved the inevitable dislocation of the fundamental notions of *tradition* and *authority*. Teaching can no longer be *dictatorial*, either in the family or in the schools. It must be based on new forms of *dialog*. ¶ Dialog, clearly indispensable, requires confidence. It can be opened only if one believes in the willingness of the partner to abide by the consequences. ¶ But that confidence no longer exists. The dialog has been ruined. The confidence which has been destroyed must be replaced by something new: the firm assurance of participation in the decisions, and in the control of their execution.

— *Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber*  
*editorial in L'EXPRESS (Paris) 13 May 1968*





## WHY STUDENTS REVOLT

The first four quotations are from  
THE MONTHLY REVIEW (New York) June 1968

This edition of 150 copies printed in July 1968 for the  
members of the Amalgamated Printers Association  
in ATF Garamond 36, 12, 10 and 8 point

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Lebanon, New Jersey 08833 U.S.A.

# TOWNE TALK

No. 113 Aug. 1968 Bruce F. Towne, Jamaica, Iowa 50128

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## Long Ago

I once knew all the birds that came  
And nestled in our orchard trees;  
For every flower I had a name—  
My friends were woodchucks, toads,  
and bees;

I knew where thrived in yonder glen  
What plants would soothe a stone-  
bruised toe—

Oh, I was very learned then—  
But that was long ago.

And, pining for the joys of youth,  
I tread the old familiar spot,  
Only to learn the solemn truth—  
I have forgotten, am forgot.

Yet here's this youngster at my knee  
Knows all the things I used to know;  
To think that I once was as wise as he—  
But that was long ago.

I know it's folly to complain  
Of whatsoe'er the Fates decree;  
Yet, were not wishes all in vain,  
I tell you what my wish should be;  
I'd wish to be a boy again,  
Back with the friends I used to know;  
For I was, oh! so very happy then—  
But that was long ago.

*Eugene Field*

## Art



The hen remarked to the  
mooley cow,  
As she cackled her  
daily lay,  
(That is, the hen cackled)  
"It's funny how  
I'm good for an egg a day.

I'm a fool to do it, for what do I get?

My food and my lodging, My!  
But the poodle gets that—he's the family pet,  
And he never has laid a single egg yet—  
Not even when eggs are high."



The mooley cow  
remarked to the hen,  
As she masticated  
her cud,  
(That is, the cow did)  
"Well, what then

You quit, and your name is mud,  
I'm good for eight gallons of milk each day,  
And I'm given my stable and grub;  
But the parrot gets that much, anyway,—  
All she can gobble—and what does she  
pay?  
Not a dribble of milk, the dub!"

But the hired man remarked to the pair,  
"You get all that is coming to you.  
The poodle does tricks, and the parrot can  
swear,  
Which is better than you can do.

You're necessary, but what's the use  
Of bewailing your daily part?  
You're bourgeois—working's your only  
excuse;  
You can't do nothing but just produce—  
What them fellers does is ART!"

*Anon*



Don't mistake plezzure for happiness; it iz  
entirely a different breed ov dog. Thare iz a  
grate deal ov plezzure that haz no happiness  
in it. *Josh Billings*

Alcibiades had a very handsome dog, that  
cost him seven thousand drachmas; and he  
cut off his tail, "that," said he, "the Athenians  
may have this story to tell of me, and concern  
themselves no further with me." *Plutarch*

The biggest dog has been a pup.

*Joaquin Miller*



## Castle Yesterday

In the Valley of Contentment, just beyond  
the Hills of Old,  
Where the streams are always silver and  
the sunshine always gold,  
Where the hour is ever morning and the  
skies are never gray,  
In the yellow haze of springtime stands the  
Castle Yesterday.

Oh, the seasons that we spent there when  
the whole wide world was young;  
The friends we've had as maid and lad, the  
songs that we have sung!  
The echoes of their music cannot quite  
have died away,  
But still must thrill the roof-tree of the  
Castle Yesterday.

And the loving hearts we knew there in the  
time of trust and truth,  
Surely still they wait behind us in the  
Pantheon of Youth!  
But the angel of our valley at the portal  
bars our way,  
And a flaming sword forbids us from the  
Castle Yesterday.

When the pilgrimage is ended, may we turn  
then, may we change  
To the vanished and familiar to the present  
and the strange?  
Who so chooses to his heaven—I shall be  
content to stay  
Where the ghosts of dead years wander  
through the halls of Yesterday.

